

There were swimming crabs
Rock fish
And weeping Preachers

The members of the church
That I attend as a boy
In Cambridge Maryland
Wanted to keep their babies safe
Without fighting with their preachers

There were swimming crabs
Rock fish
And weeping Preachers

Keeping their babies safe
Without fighting was like
Wanting rain water for their roses
Without thunder and lightning

There were swimming crabs
Rock fish
And weeping Preachers

Barry Wyatt Jr.
My songs are my prayers
Linking my songs together creates stories

